

Little Boys Don't Live Forever

by OfficialSpec

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Summary: How long had it been exactly? The vampire couldn't tell.

Immortality does that to one's mind. All he knew at the time was that he needed to see the boy with freckles like constellations mapped across his skin, green eyes like a field in the midst of spring, and auburn hair that fell like a halo around his face when it caught the sunlight. He needed to see Hiccup.

Little Boys Don't Live Forever

For shadowpiratemonkey7 and her fantastic au

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><p>He had to face the truth. The small boy who he had fallen in love with 5 years ago was a boy no longer. But how could he. How could he face the fact that the clock on the wall ticked away the life of the young man sleeping beside him as he stayed the same for eternity? As quietly as a stalking panther he stood, bare feet making no sound on the wooden floor. And then he was gone. Out of the window and into the cold night air.<p>

Time passed, as time does. How long had it been exactly? 2, 3, maybe 10 years? The vampire couldn't tell. Immortality does that to one's mind. All he knew at the time was that he needed to see him. The boy with freckles like constellations mapped across his skin, green eyes like a field in the midst of spring, and auburn hair that fell like a halo around his face when it caught the sunlight. Passing over a garden of flowers, daisies if he remembered correctly, he stopped in his flight to pick one. Perfect in every detail, and red in color, he broke the delicate stem at the base with intents of giving it to the person he was coming to see. Clutching it in his hand, he continued on his journey to the small town of Berk.

He decided to first reminisce; he hadn't been to his home town in years, and much had changed. Heading first to the graveyard, he relished in the memories that resurfaced, most involving a pair of

green eyes and auburn hair. Looking around, a small smile formed on his face at the thought of seeing his beloved once more.

A sudden gust of wind blew the flower out of his hand and he laughed, half-running-half-flying, to catch it. It came to a rest in front of a smallish grave, and he bent over to pick it up, a large smile gracing his features upon discovering it was still in perfect condition. His breath caught in his throat as he glanced at the text engraved on the rectangular piece of rock in front of him.

HICCUP HADDOCK

RIP

He let out a strangled gasp, eyes stinging with unshed tears. How long had he been gone? Why had he left in the first place? He bit his lip, blood dripping where his fangs had penetrated the skin, almost mocking him, reminding him of why he had left. Because death came to all others, while he lived on. Because he was cursed with eternal life. He didn't know when the tears began falling, nor did he care. The only person he had ever cared for was gone, and he was forced to stand by. Letting his hands fall to his sides, he turned and flew. To where, he didn't care. He just needed to go. And behind him, in front of the grave, a single red flower came to rest.

End
file.